

Poetry.

FOR LITTLE SOLDIERS.

Be brave little soldiers,
To battle for rights;
Rebels and before you
A foe is in sight.
Beware of the pitfalls
In ways yet untrod;
Be true to your manhood,
And so to your God.
You need for your weapons
A heart that is pure;
A will that is steadfast
To do and endure;
And hands that are willing
Rights bravely to work—
Resolved, in the conflict,
No duty to shrink.
Be vigilant, soldiers!
Stand firm at your post;
Strike blows at each evil
In wrong's mighty host.
The enemy's crafty,
In league with all sin;
But the ranks of true manhood
The battle will win.

Select Story.

LOVE AND LUXURY.

"If ever I marry," Katie Yale used to say, half in jest, half in earnest—"if ever I marry, the happy man—or the unhappy one, if you please—ha! ha!—shall be a person possessing these three qualifications:

First, a fortune.
Second, good looks.
And thirdly, common sense.
I mention the fortune first, because I think it the most needful and desirable qualification of the three. Although I could never think of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I could be ashamed of; still I think to talk sense for the one and shine for the other, with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscurely with a handsome, intellectual man—to whom economy might be necessary.

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Katie's heart. She undoubtedly indulged lofty ideas of station and style—for her education in the duties and aims of life had been deficient, or rather erroneous; but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings none doubted, who had ever obtained even a partial glimpse of her true woman's nature.

And the time arrived, at length, when Katie was to take that all important step of which she had often spoken so lightly; when she was to demonstrate to her friends how much of her heart was in the words we have quoted.

At the enchanting age of eighteen she had many suitors; but as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will follow her example, discarding all except those favored ones, consider their relative claims.

If this were any other than a true story, I should certainly use an artist's privilege, and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between these two favored individuals. If I could have my way, one should be poor genius and somewhat of a hero; the other a wealthy fool and somewhat of a knave.

But the truth is: Our poor genius was not much of a genius, nor very poor, either. He was by profession a teacher of music, and he could live very comfortably in exercise thereof—without the most distant hope, however, of ever attaining to wealth. Moreover, Francis M. not possessed excellent qualities, which entitled him to be called by discreet elderly people a "fine character;" by his companions a "noble, good fellow;" and by the ladies generally a "darling."

Katie could not help loving Mr. Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society even to that of Mr. Wellington, whom alone he saw fit to honor with the appellation of rival.

This Mr. Wellington (his companions called him the "duke," was no idiot or hump-back, as I could have wished him to be, in order to make a good story. On the contrary, he was a man of sense, education, good looks, and fine manners; and there was nothing of a knave about him, as I could ever ascertain.

Besides this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live superbly. Also, he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. F. Minot. Therefore the only thing on which Frank had to depend was the power he possessed over Katie's sympathies and affections. The "duke"—although just the man for her in every other sense, being blessed with a fortune, good looks, and common sense—had never been able to draw these out; and the amiably conceited Mr. Frank was not willing to believe that she would suffer mere worldly considerations to control the aspirations of her heart.

However, she said to him, one day, when he pressed her to decide his fate—she said to him with a sigh:

"Oh, Frank! I am so sorry that we have ever met!"

"Sorry?"

"Yes—for we must part now—"

"Part?" repeated Frank, turning pale. It was evident he had not expected this.

"Yes—yes," said Katie, casting down her eyes with another piteous sigh. Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice, and talked to her until she—the proud Katie—weep—weep bitterly.

"Katie," said he, then, with a burst of passion, "I know you love me! But you are proud—ambitious—selfish! Now if you would have me leave you, say the word—and I go!"

"Go!" murmured Katie, very feebly—"go!"

"You have decided?" whispered Frank.

"I have!"

"Then, love, farewell!"

He took her hand gazed a moment tenderly and sorrowfully upon her beautiful, tearful face; then clasped her to his bosom.

She permitted the embrace. She even gave way to the impulse of the instant, and twined her arms about his neck. But in a moment her resolution came to her aid, and she pushed him from her with a sigh.

"Shall I go?" he articulated.

A feeble "yes" fell from her quivering lips.

And in an instant later, she was lying upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately—alone.

To tear the teracious root of love out of her heart had cost her more than she could have anticipated; and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation, it seemed, for the sacrifice she has made.

She lay long upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself. Her breathing became more regular and calm. Her tears ceased to flow, and at length her eyes and cheeks were dry. Her head was pillowed on her arm, and her face was half hidden in a flood of beautiful curls.

The struggle was over. The agony was passed. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and arose cheerfully to receive him. His manners pleased her; his station and fortune fascinated her more. He offered her his hand. She accepted it. A kiss sealed the engagement—but it was not such a kiss as Frank had given her, and she could not repress a sigh!

There was a magnificent wedding. Splendidly attired, dazzling the eye with everything around in the atmosphere of the fairy-land, Katie gave her hand to the man her ambition—not her love—had chosen!

But certainly ambition could not have made a better choice. Already she saw herself surrounded by a magnificent court, of which she was the acknowledged and admired queen. The favors of fortune were showered upon her; she floated luxuriously upon the smooth and glassy wave of a charmed life.

Nothing was wanting, in the whole circle of her outward existence, to adorn it, and make it bright with happiness.

But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting within her own breast!

Her friends were numerous; her husband tender, kind and loving; but all the attentions and affections she enjoyed could not fill her heart.

She had once felt the chords of sympathy moved by a skillful touch; she had known the heavenly charm of their deep, delicious harmony; and now they were silent—motionless—muffled, so to speak, in silks and satins. These chords still and soundless, her heart was dead; not the less so because it had been killed by a golden shaft. Having known and felt the life of sympathy in love, she could not but mourn for it, unconsoled by the life of luxury.

In short Katie in time became magnificently miserable, splendidly unhappy. Then a change became apparent in her husband. He could not long remain blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the company of those whose gaiety might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul. This shadowy joy was unsatisfactory, however; and impelled by powerful longings for love, he went estray to warm his heart by a strange fire.

Katie saw herself now in the midst of a gorgeous desolation, burning with a thirst unquenchable by golden streams that flowed around her; panting with a hunger not all the food of flattery and admiration could appease.

She reproached her husband for deserting her thus; and he answered her with angry and desperate taunts of deception, and a total lack of love, which smote her conscience heavily.

"You do not care for me," he cried—"then why do you complain that I bestow elsewhere the affections you have met with coldness?"

"But it is wrong—sinful," Katie remonstrated.

"Yes; I know it!" said her husband, fiercely. "It is the evil fruit of an evil seed. And who sowed that seed? Who gave me a hand without a heart—who became a share of my fortune, but gave me no share in sympathy—who devoted me to the fate of a loving, unloved husband? Nay, do not weep, and clasp your hands, and sigh and sob with such desperation of impatience—for I say nothing you do not deserve to hear."

"Very well," said Katie, calming herself; I will not complain. I will not say your reproaches are undeserved. But granting that I am the cold, deceitful thing you call me—you know this state of things cannot continue."

"Yes; I know it."

"Well?"

Mr. Wellington's brows gathered darkly; his eyes flashed with determination; his lips curled with scorn.

"I have made up my mind," said he, "that we should not live together any longer. I am tired of being called the husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my circle; you shall shine in yours. I will place no restraint on your actions, nor shall you on mine. We will be free."

"But the world!" shrieked Katie, trembling.

"The world will admire you the same—and what more do you desire?" asked

her husband, bitterly. "The marriage of hands, and not of hearts, is mockery. We have played the farce long enough. Few know the conventional meaning of the term husband and wife; but do you know what it should mean? Do you feel that the only true union is that of love and sympathy? Then enough of this mummery! Farewell. I go to consult friends about the terms of a separation. Nay, do not tremble, and cry, and cling to me now—for I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire."

He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish, she shrieked aloud:

"Frank! Frank! why did I send you from me? Why did I sacrifice love and happiness to such a fate as this? Why was I blind until sight brought me misery?"

She lay upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself; her head lay peacefully upon her arm, over which swept her disheveled tresses—until, with a start, she cried:

"Frank! oh, Frank, come back!"

"Here I am," said a soft voice by her side.

She raised her head. She opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing before her!

"You have been asleep," he said, smiling kindly.

"Asleep?"

"And dreaming, too, I should say—not pleasantly, either."

"Dreaming?" murmured Katie; and is it all a dream?"

"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand.

"You could not mean to send me from you so cruelly, I know! So I waited in your father's study, where I have been talking to him all of an hour. I came back to plead my cause once more—and found you here where I left you—asleep."

"Oh, what a horrid dream!" murmured Katie, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a terrible reality that I shudder now to think of it! I thought I was married!"

"And would that be so horrible?" asked Frank. "I hope then you did not dream you were married to me!"

"No—I thought I gave my hand, without my heart."

"Then if you gave me your heart, it would not be without your hand?"

"No, Frank," said Katie, her bright eyes beaming happily through tears—"and here it is."

She placed her fair hand in his—he kissed it in transport.

And soon after there was a real marriage; not a splendid, but a happy one; not followed by a life of luxury, but by a life of love and contentment; and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Katie Yale.

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS.

PORTRAITS OF THE TWO GREAT MEN BY

ONE WHO KNEW THEM WELL.

[Springfield, Ill. Cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat.]

Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, of Chicago, lectured here to-night before the State Bar Association, his subject being: "Reminiscences of the Illinois Bar Forty Years Ago." He gave the following interesting recollections of Lincoln and Douglas:

I now propose to speak for a few moments of what I regard as the greatest debate which has occurred in this country, the Lincoln and Douglas debate of 1858.

The two most prominent men in Illinois at that time were Douglas and Lincoln. Each was in the full maturity of his powers. Douglas being forty-five and Lincoln forty-nine years old. Douglas had for years been trained on the stump, in the lower House of Congress and in the Senate to meet in debate the ablest speakers in the State and nation. For years he had been accustomed on the floor of the capitol to encounter the leaders of the old Whig and Free Soil parties. Among them were Seward and Fessenden, and Crittenden and Chase, and Trumbull, and Hale, and Sumner, and others equally eminent, and his enthusiastic friends insisted that never, either in single conflict or when receiving the assault of a whole party, had he been discomfited. His style was bold, vigorous and aggressive, and at times defiant. He was ready, fertile in resources, familiar with political history, terrible in denunciation, and handled with skill all the weapons of debate. His iron will, restless energy, united with great personal magnetism, made him very popular; and with these qualities had indomitable physical and moral courage, and his almost uniform success had given him perfect confidence in himself.

Lincoln was also a thoroughly trained speaker. He had contended successfully, year after year, at the bar and on the stump with the ablest men of Illinois, including Lamborn, Logan, John Calhoun and others, and often met Douglas himself—a conflict with whom he always rather courted than shunned. Indeed, these two great orators had often tested each other's power; and whenever they did meet, it was indeed "Greek meeting Greek," and the "tug of war" came, for each put forth his utmost strength.

In a speech of Mr. Lincoln in 1856, he made the following beautiful, eloquent and generous allusion to Douglas. He said: "Twenty years ago Judge Douglas and I first became acquainted; we were both young then, he a trifle younger than I. Even then, we were both ambitious, I, perhaps, quite as much as he. With me the race of

ambition has been a failure. With him it has been a splendid success. His name fills the nation, and it is not unknown in foreign lands. I affect no contempt for the high eminence he has reached; so reached that the oppressed of my species might have shared with me in the elevation. I would rather stand on that eminence than wear the richest crown that ever pressed a monarch's brow."

We know, and the world knows, that Lincoln did reach that high, nay far higher eminence, and that he did reach it in such a way that "the oppressed" did share with him in the elevation.

Such were the champions who in 1858, were to discuss before the voters of Illinois, and with the aid of nation as spectators, the political questions then pending, and especially the vital questions relating to slavery. It was not a single combat, but extended through a whole campaign, and the American people paused to watch its progress, and hung, with intense interest, upon every movement of the champions. Each of these great men, I doubt not, at that time, sincerely believed he was right. Douglas' ardor, while in such a conflict, would make him think, for the time being, he was right, and he knew that Lincoln argued for freedom against the extension of slavery with the most profound conviction that on success hung the fate of his country. Lincoln had two advantages over Douglas: he had the best side of the question and the best temper. He was always good humored, always had an apt story for illustration, while Douglas sometimes, when hard pressed, was irritable.

Douglas carried away the most popular applause, but Lincoln made the deeper and more lasting impression. Douglas did not disdain an immediate, and captand triumph, while Lincoln aimed at permanent convictions. Sometimes, when Lincoln's friends urged him to raise a storm of applause, which he could always do by his happy illustrations and amusing stories, he refused, saying the occasion was too serious, the issue too grave. "I do not seek applause," said he, "nor to amuse the people—I want to convince them."

It was often observed during this campaign, that while Douglas was sometimes greeted with the loudest cheers, when Lincoln closed the people seemed solemn and serious, and could be heard all through the crowd, gravely and anxiously discussing the topics on which he had been speaking.

Douglas, by means of a favorable opportunity, succeeded in securing a majority of the legislature, but a majority of the vote was with Lincoln. These debates made Douglas Senator, and Lincoln President. There was something magnetic, something almost heroic, in the gallantry with which Douglas threw himself into the canvass, and dealt his blows right and left, against the Republican party on each side, and Buchanan's administration, which sought his defeat on the other.

The federal patronage was used by the unscrupulous Stidell, against Douglas—but in vain; a few were seduced, but the mass of the Democratic party, with honorable fidelity, stood by him. This canvass of Douglas, and his personal and immediate triumph, in being returned to the Senate against the combined opposition of the Republican party, led by Lincoln and Trumbull, and the administration, with all its patronage, is, I think, the most brilliant personal triumph in American politics. If we look into English struggles on the hustings for its parallel, we shall find something with which to compare it in the late triumph of Mr. Gladstone. If we seek its counterpart in military history, we must look into some of the earlier campaigns of Napoleon, or that in which Grant captured Vicksburg.

Douglas secured the immediate object of the struggle, but the manly bearing, the vigorous logic, the honesty and sincerity, the great intellectual powers exhibited by Mr. Lincoln, prepared the way, and two years later secured his nomination and election to the Presidency. It is a touching incident, illustrating the patriotism of both these Statesmen, that, widely as they differed and keen as had been their rivalry, just as soon as the life of the republic was menaced by treason they joined hands to shield and save the country they loved.

Josh Billings' Wisdom.

[Correctly Spelled from His New "Cook Book."] The man who gets bit twice by the same dog is better adapted for that kind of business than any other.

There is a great deal of religion in this world that is like a life-preserver, only put on at the moment of immediate danger and then half the time put on hind side before.

Experience is a school where a man learns what a big fool he has been.

The man who doesn't believe in any hereafter has got a dreadfully mean opinion of himself and his chances.

There are two kinds of fools in this world—those who can't change their opinions and those who won't.

A good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay \$3 a visit for advising us to eat and exercise more.

Out in the world men show us two sides to their characters; by the fireside only one.

The world is filling up with educated fools—mankind read too much and learn too little.

Every man has his follies and oftentimes they are the most interesting things he has got.

President Hayes draws his salary in advance. Does the gentleman doubt the solvency of the concern for which he works?

Attorneys.

A. L. LESSICK, C. C. SELFIDGE, J. C. SELFIDGE, Attorneys at Law, Napoleon, Ohio. Office over Corry & Co. 101-102.

S. M. HAGUE, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Napoleon, Ohio. Abstract work a specialty. Office in Hotel Block, Napoleon, Ohio. 101-102.

JUSTIN H. TYLER, Attorney-at-Law, Office in Tyler Block, up stairs, Napoleon, Henry County, Ohio. Feb. 15, 1875.

MARTIN KNUFF, Attorney at Law, Office in Court House, Napoleon, Ohio. Jan. 7, 1875.

A. H. TYLER, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public, Office in room with J. H. Tyler, Tyler Block. Special attention paid to conveyancing. my21

R. W. CAHILL, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office on Washington street, in first building west of Humphrey's old corner. oct 21-90

F. M. RUMBLE, Attorney at Law, and Real Estate Agent, Office City Hall Building (second story) Napoleon, Ohio. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. dec15-78

C. C. YOUNG, Notary Public and Conveyancer, 118 1/2 Center, Henry County, Ohio. All business of the office promptly attended to. February 27, 1878-f

E. A. PALMER, Attorney and Counselor at Law and Notary Public, Napoleon, Ohio. Also Attorney for Pensions, Bounty, Back pay, etc. 250 "Collections promptly attended to. Office, front room over Van Hook's & Co's clothing store. ap15-79

J. M. HAAG, J. P. RAGAN, Attorneys-at-Law, Napoleon, Ohio. Rooms No. 5 & 6, Vocke Block. Will practice in North Western courts and United States courts. Business will receive prompt attention. April 8-80

DAVID MEERKIN, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law, Office, 24 story in Frame Block, Washington St., opposite Court House. Dec. 30, 1880

Justice of the Peace, G. H. REEDER, Justice of the Peace, Office in Shoe Store, 1st door south of Corry's Grocery. Special attention paid to collections which will receive prompt attention. ap14-79

PHILIP C. SCHWAB, Justice of the Peace, Pleasant 1st, Henry County, Ohio. New Bavaria P. O. may12-79

PETER PUNCHES, Justice of the Peace, Marion 1st, Henry County, Ohio. Hamler, P. O. Box 55. april19-77-44

CHARLES EVERS, Justice of the Peace, Notary Public and General Collection and Insurance Agent, N. APOLEON, - - OHIO.

Agency for the Hartford, of Connecticut, Scottish Commercial Glasgow, and other Insurance Companies. Collections promptly attended to and deeds of all kinds drawn on short notice. Especial attention paid to collections in the old country.

Agency for the sale of Tickets to and from Europe by the best and Safest Steamboat Lines. Office in York's Block, Napoleon, Ohio, Oct. 30, 1877.

EDWARD PEYTON, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public, Napoleon, Ohio. SPECIAL attention paid to conveying and collection matters. Office in Breunel Block, first stairway north of Sheffield & Norton's bank. May 6th, 1880.

Physicians.

HOMEOPATHY. MRS. H. H. SHEFFIELD, Physician and Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio. Office over SHEFFIELD & NORTON'S BANK. Entrance 2 doors from head of stairs on Perry street, also 2 doors from head of stairs on Washington street.

J. BLOOMFIELD, Physician and Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio. me4-79

E. HARRISON, Physician and Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio. Office over Seward's drug store. Office hours 8 to 9 A. M.; 12 to 1 P. M. and 7 to 9 P. M. Nov27-79

MRS. P. A. SAUK, Physician and Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio. Will call on patients in town or country. Office at SAUK'S Drug Store. [Jan2-73-47]

M. J. MARVIN, Physician and Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio. Will attend to all calls promptly. Office in Willard's building opposite County Offices. me21-79

J. M. STOUT, Physician and Surgeon, Florida, Henry County, Ohio, will attend to all professional calls in all parts of the county. Saturdays set apart especially for the examination of patients at my office. aug19-79

DR. J. S. HALY, Physician and Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio. WILL attend to calls in town and country. Office at his residence on Clinton Street. Jy 1, 1880.

Chemist.

J. L. LEIST, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Napoleon, Ohio. A work done on short notice. Laboratory in Humphrey's Drug Store. my11

Consorial.

GEORGE W. VALENTINE, Fashionable Barber and Hair Dresser, Room West Side Perry Street, Napoleon, Ohio. [Jan16-74-47]

PHILLIP WEBB, Barber and Hair Dresser, two doors south of Stockman's grocery on Perry street. Patrons solicited and work guaranteed. [Oct13-73-47]

Geo. Lighthouse, Contractor and Builder, N. APOLEON, Ohio. All kinds of material furnished and estimates made. Jan13-6m

Carriage Factory! LEONHART & SHAFF, Napoleon, Ohio. MANUFACTURERS of Carriages, Buggies, and Wagons of every description. Special attention paid to tight work, which will be guaranteed to be first-class in every particular. Do not go out of Henry County for work but give us a trial. Also do Horse Shoeing and all kinds of repairing. Brick Shop corner of Washington and Monroe streets. [Jy27-78-47]

JOHN KUNZ, Blacksmith & Horse Shoer, Front Street, Napoleon, Ohio. Horse shoeing and general repairing of machinery a specialty. All work done in a workmanlike manner, charges reasonable, and the patronage of the public solicited. All orders for shoe-repairing left at this shop will be promptly attended to. JOHN KUNZ. The old reliable Blacksmith. [Jan17-79]

NEW LIVERY STABLE. J. B. FOSTER Has established a new livery in the quarters formerly occupied by T. Barnes, just north of the Miller House, where he will keep teams for hire at low rates, and do a general livery and party business. In connection with the above a hack line will be run to and from all trains. Parties wishing to be conveyed to or from the depot can leave orders at the barn or at the Merchant's Hotel. Napoleon, Ohio, Oct. 27, 1880-179.

Miscellaneous.

Banking House

E. S. Blair & Co.

[Successors to First National Bank.] N. APOLEON, O. Deposit accounts received, and certificates of deposit issued payable on demand, or at a fixed date bearing interest. Collections promptly attended to.

Sheffield & Norton, BANKERS! Receive Deposits, AND DEAL IN Gold, Silver, U. S. Bonds, Foreign & Domestic Exchange Collections Promptly Attended to. ORGANIZED IN 1866. W. W. SHEFFIELD. J. D. NORTON

Miscellaneous.

JOHN DIEMER,

At his Meat Market, Perry street, keeps on hand the choicest Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton, Hams and shoulders, Salt Pork, Corned Beef, &c. Farmers having fat cattle, hogs, sheep, hides and pelts for sale should give me a call. 11

DENTISTRY A. S. CONDIT, [Successor to W. H. Stillwell.] DENTIST. Office over Reeder's Root and Shoe Store. All operations pertaining to dentistry carefully performed. Laughing Gas, administered for the painless extraction of teeth. Work warranted and prices to suit the times. 66 TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN. Napoleon, Ohio, Oct. 14, 1878. dec1-78

Sash and Blind Factory! AND PLANING MILL. Thiesen, Hildred & Co. Proprietors. Take pleasure in announcing to the public and all in need of anything in the way of building material that they are now prepared to furnish them with lumber for building purposes, from the ground to the roof. We keep constantly on hand Doors, Sash, Blinds, Casings, Floorings, Siding, Shingles, Finished Lumber, her, Rough Lumber, and every kind of lumber required for a building. Custom work done on short notice. Poplar, walnut, whitewood, ash and oak lumber brought and sold. THIESSEN, HILDRED & CO. Jan1-79

AT LAST! The Thing Most Needed! GO NOT AWAY HUNGRY! JOHN BEILHARZ, Diner and Confectioner. Up stairs in Ludeman's block over Norden & Co's Store, on east side of Perry street, Napoleon, where WARM MEALS, Oysters by the dish or can, tea, coffee and all that the inner man craves, can be had at all hours, day or night. Oysters by the can 40cts. Oyster stew 20cts. Oyster fry 20cts. Oyster raw 25cts. Warm meal 25cts. Well furnished parlors for ladies.

War! War! War! Bressler, VanSeggern & Co., Manufacturer of Lath, Pickets, Shingles &c. Pickets made to order, plain or fancy. Prices according to the times. All work warranted. Shop in Daneman's building, in the Beaver settlement, Henry County, O. dec1-78-47

G. A. MUNGER, Practical Whitewasher, Paper-Hanger and Plasterer, N. APOLEON, O. All orders promptly filled and first-class work guaranteed. Contractor for all kinds of stone and brick work. tf.

P. F. ZINK, HOUSE, SIGN, Ornamental Fresco Painting and Graining, WALLS AND CEILINGS TINTED. Shop in Tyler Block, over Northwest office. Orders can be left at Humphrey's Drug Store. Jy10-80

Fred Yackee's Boot and Shoe Shop! Perry St., north of Canal Bridge. All kinds of Boots and Shoes manufactured to order in the neatest and most substantial manner on short notice. Repairing promptly attended to. oct15-79

N. APOLEON, Merchant Tailor, Napoleon, Ohio, Ferry street, south side of Canal. Parties wishing neat fitting suits of clothing will do well to call on me. By selecting from my very large and very fine line of price goods you will have no difficulty in